

# The Sky Line Trail

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*Photo by R. H. Palenske.*

VOL. 2 No. 8  
October 1935



*Official Organ of the  
Sky Line Trail Hikers  
of the Canadian Rockies.*

Printed in Canada.





*J. M. Wardle studies the trail map on Simpson Pass.*

*Photo by Carl Rungius*

## *Skylines are my Lines . . .*

by Travers Coleman

**L**ONG before I was ever privileged to number myself among the ranks of that interesting body I had the impression that the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies comprised roughly two groups: those who already were a little soft in the head, and, secondly, those who, not already soft in the head, perhaps, certainly would be if they kept up trail hiking long enough.

Like a veteran Banff guide of several years' acquaintance I felt that I had never mislaid anything on top of a mountain worth enough to go after on foot. Mountains always had treated me pretty decently; Grouse Mountain, the Lions and Hollyburn Ridge which I see every day from the office window never had invaded my privacy, and I failed to see why I should invade theirs, or the Rockies' either, for that matter.

Now all is changed. There is no organization to me just like the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies, unless, possibly it could be the Trail Riders of the Canadian Rockies.

On second thoughts . . . perhaps I had better not make any references here to horses. After all, one must consider the feelings of those who lost the trail on that eventful second day, found themselves somehow back in the old camp, walked into Banff and then came in on horseback to catch the expedition at the third camp.

Horses notwithstanding, however, there is a zest to Trail Hiking in the Rockies that compensates for a lot of physical exertion.

Is it the exercise which makes the trip successful? Does the scenery reward every effort? Yes!

Hard-bitten Banff people — the kind who are more than a shade bow-legged and look with wondering pity on the hiker as he plods up the mountain-side, seemingly fail to see how people ever can hope to travel the Rockies except astride a horse.

Naturally, there were more than a few of these unbelievers gathered for the official start of the 1935 hike a few miles out of Banff at Brewster creek on the morning of August 2.

You heard references to "bunion derbies" and instinctively wiggled your toes in the big hobnailed boots to see if they had room enough to navigate.

Alpine-stocks proved unaccustomed burdens. They seemed too long and awkward to be of any



practical use to a walker. It was only after a few miles up the trail that you suddenly realized why hill-wise Swiss guides clung to them as a mother clings to her young.

After a few miles you felt that you had always carried this crooked stick; that it had always supported your tottering frame on the uphill pull, and when you laid it aside at bed time it was like saying goodnight to an old and trusted friend.

It was a bunchy start. Col. Phil Moore in one of his impassioned shirts which are like a sunrise seen through a Highland plaid calmly took the lead. The rest of us swung into line.

A hush fell over the deep woods. You could almost hear the shout of the crowd: "They're off." But this time there was no thunder of hooves, no flash of silks as the jockeys fought for the rail. Men and women merely shrugged their shoulders to adjust the straps of their knapsacks, took a firmer grip of their stocks and pushed off.

"Pushed off" is right. Most of us tyros being initiated into the secrets of the trail had to learn the ABC of walking. We soon found that judicious pushing with the alpine-stocks helped considerably. By distributing weight onto this support it seemed to take the strain off the legs, and going downhill it helped to check that tendency to break into a gallop and eased the tension on the knees.

We were glad that the stocks comprised the physical assets of the association and that they had been doled out to us at the start.

Warned that fifty miles on foot over Rocky Mountain trails in four days was not to be confused with a five-mile constitutional through the Fraser Valley on a Sunday morn, we had looked askance at the idea of perambulating willy-nilly in the home of the grizzly, the moose and the elk. The chest swelled as we found that we were bearing up well, and there was a definite tendency to shoot our cuffs.

Col. Moore was a great little pacemaker on that first day. He led us up through the woods over hard-surfaced trails, boulder-strewn but for the most part dry; we forded a few minor creeks without incident and always when the ascent began to be noticeable it seemed that Col. Moore had read our thoughts and had halted the column for a little breather. A great man, and a diplomat!

Through deep woods we steadily climbed on that first bright morning and our first thrill — a warning of what might lie ahead, overtook us at lunch. We had found a rude bridge over the boiling creek. Not a bridge which would be pictured in the Sunday supplements as one of the world's engineering wonders. Merely a log which had been felled across the stream.

Crossing this was fun. Always there lurked the hazard of a quick tumble into the icy waters. One by one we tackled it, each in his own way. Some used their alpine-stocks as balancing poles and came across, circus-like, like the artist of the high wire. Some sort of straddled it and made ungainly but satisfactory progress. Mrs. George Vaux, jr., of Bryn Mawr, one of the life members of the organization, used a cunning device.



*Reflections on the west slope of Simpson Summit.*

*Photo by R. H. Palenske.*



She straddled the packhorse which her son George had chartered to carry his cameras, and rode across safe and dry. Then Major J. M. Wardle, Engineer in Chief of Canada's western parks, was in the water with Pete Whyte and some other Banff old-timers, lending a hand, Sir Galahad fashion, to the ladies.

Nearly all were safely over when Miss Elizabeth Booz, of Washington, Pa. who has been coming to the Rockies for many years, fulfilled the highest hopes of the mischievous members of the party. Half-way across and standing full upright, she was seen suddenly to totter, sway and fall with a resounding splash into the upstream side. Quickly rescued, she was assisted to shore, none the worse for the experience, and, like the good sport she is, laughing as hard as anyone.

From then on, however, the party did not approach a bridge, big or little, without looking around hopefully for Miss Booz on the off chance that she would repeat the performance for those who had missed it the first time. In this Dr. Robert Gow, of Banff, honorary physician of the expedition who had rendered first aid on the first occasion out of a Government bottle, was most attentive.

Sunshine Camp, which we found at the head of the trail after a delightful climb along Healy Creek, proved the answer to a hiker's prayer. Its snug cabin where Chef Bert Hall and his assistants had the evening meal well in hand, loomed up at the top of the broad slopes which make the Sunshine valley such fine ski terrain when the snows have returned. The wranglers had been into camp for several hours and the business of selecting and cutting tepee poles was well advanced. Some of the tepees already were up.

Out of camp bright and early on the second morning, hikers started off one of what proved to be the highlights of the entire trip—the ascent up Simpson pass to Simpson Summit which commands a breath-taking view of Egypt Lake, Scarab Lake and the snow-crowned Pharoah Peaks.

Old timers who had been over the ground before might have been prepared for the panorama of beauty that lay ahead but for us newcomers to the trail it was a startling revelation.

Above timberline most of the way up the summit we looked backwards to see the great head of Mount Assiniboine—"Matterhorn of the Canadian Rockies", lifted serene and lonely over to the south. A beautiful sight of this

monarch, and one of the scenic delights of the trip.

Of the final climb to the top of Simpson Summit there is little to say except that it was hard work. Along with Dan McCowan, the Banff naturalist, and Mrs. McCowan, we were plodding up the slope among wild flowers and boulders—flowers which Dan would call by name affectionately, and boulders which we kicked aside when we could, or stepped over when we couldn't.

Then suddenly our ears were assailed by a plaintive piping, thin but clear and sweet on the mountain air.

"What kind of a bir-r-rd would that be?" mused Dan aloud. "I've never heard its like before."

The "bird" proved to be Miss M. S. Shawbridge, of Whitby, Eng. Sitting on the hillside, she held in her hands a little bamboo flute which she later told us she had made for herself. She was playing something that sounded like an Elizabethan madrigal, and as we got nearer the tune changed to "Swanee River." So we stopped beside this modern shepherdess and she told us she was trying to learn a few "typically American songs" to take back with her to England.

Dan, in a clear but grumpy baritone, hummed the tune of "Home on the Range"—one of the ones Miss Shawbridge wanted to learn—while Mrs. McCowan corrected the tempo and arrangement until the shepherdess had it perfectly. The flute had been one octave and two spare notes, said little Miss Shawbridge, so would we please hum only the simplest tunes. So we sat and hummed, and talked, while others of the party caught up with us, stayed to hear the flute or walked on determinedly toward the crest.

And then, before we realized it, we were at the top of Simpson Summit. It seemed that we somehow had suddenly reached the top of the world. In every direction stretched peaks of all shapes and sizes and we seemed to be looking down on all of them. But ahead, straight down, was the focal point of all eyes.

Most of the crowd had remained to take in the details of this inspiring panorama so that it was a sizeable group to which we added ourselves. Winifred Redman, of Toronto, had unlimbered her sketch pads and was jotting down the scene methodically and painstakingly and wondering if she would ever be able to do it justice. So was Gordon Gillespie, art director of the Canadian





*Photo by R. H. Palenske.*

*Our new President, Carl Rungius, N. A., one of America's most distinguished artists.*



Pacific Railway — and Peter Whyte, and his wife Katherine, the young Banff couple who have been making quite a name for themselves with painting and photographic art of late years.

It was a scene worth the best efforts of any artists. We laymen looked on it with wonder and undisguised admiration. Seeing Lake Louise had been a thrill but it now seemed as if Scarab Lake, set in a valley above Egypt Lake, and Egypt Lake into which it poured its green waters, were a twin Lake Louise, so emerald was their colouring.

And all about these two watery gems were the serrated and snow-capped Pharoah Peaks. There may be mightier sights in the Rockies — Lake Louise, Moraine Lake, the Valley of the Bow from the terrace of the Banff Springs Hotel — but for one who searches for beauty that view of the Pharoah Peaks and Egypt and Scarab lakes from Simpson Summit is more than worth the trip.

Toward this loveliness we started to descend over a valley which looked deceptively narrow from the lofty height of the summit, and in the walk, which we took leisurely thinking we had the world and all of time, we seemed to be tiring a little. Novices at trail hiking start out with the idea that only the uphill walking is hard; they soon learn that prolonged descents, if they are really steep ones, can be just as tiring as the climbs.

Then came rain and before we had located the cut-off trail into Egypt Lake camp we were beginning to feel a little damp and bedraggled. The rain changed to hail and we were glad Dan McCowan was nearby to pick out, with the instinct of the experienced hillman, some trees big enough to provide adequate shelter. Douglas firs and Vancouver Islands cedars are not to be found 7000 feet up, I learned.

And so into camp after Game Warden Gladstone had done the Good Samaritan by riding out to rescue us and put us on the right trail. It was another fine camp, only a few feet below the rim of Egypt Lake; a fact which fishermen were quick to learn, though the hail had made the trout more than usually coy.

It was at Egypt Lake camp that the party received its first disturbing news. The secretary-treasurer was missing, along with G. B. Mitchell, New York artist, and Edna Jaques, the well known Canadian poetess from Victoria, B.C.

Practically none of the party had found the trail in to camp without help, and it was first thought that the missing members had lost

the trail somewhere near camp. A mounted search party failed to locate them before dark, however, and it was not until the next night after we had marched over the Pharoah Peaks to camp at Shadow Lake that they rode into camp safe and well. They had returned to Sunshine Camp when the trail was lost; walked into Banff on the following day, had taken horses and ridden in through Redearth Pass to catch the party at Shadow Lake. It was a joyous reunion and though tired after their forced marches the trio seemed none the worse for wear.

All day long, from Egypt Lake over the Pharoah Peaks to Shadow Lake, the column had marched through mud and it was feared that the rain had made the fourth day's route too difficult to chance. Hence a last-minute conclave of the council decided to abandon the final march from Shadow Lake into Castle Mountain Bungalow camp in favor of the easier downhill route through Redearth creek to the 12-mile board on the Banff-Lake Louise highway and this march, a comparatively easy one, found the hikers all assembled at the highway before four o'clock. Cars provided by the Brewster Transport Company were on hand there for the ride to Castle Mountain where Mr. and Mrs. Harry Pollard had the chalet-bungalow camp decorated and ready for the pow-wow which followed a rousing turkey dinner.

If there was any disappointment at the change in plans and abandonment of the spectacular route over Gibbon Pass to Storm Mountain and Twin Lakes, the hikers showed none of it at the pow-wow where typical Trail Hiker hilarity was the order of the night.

Songs of the trail, led by Mrs. Pat Brewster, of Banff, and Frances James Adaskin, of New York, were mingled with the rollicking cowboy and hobo ditties of Wilf Carter and his guitar; Carl Rungius, elevated from the post of vice-president to succeed N. B. Sanson, as president, was a happy presiding officer, and very acceptable little speeches were made by A. O. Wheeler, A.C., F.R.G.S., veteran Rockies' explorer and alpinist, who came over from the Mount Assiniboine camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, to join the hikers at the pow-wow and to be reunited with Mrs. Wheeler and their ten-year-old grandson, John, from India, who both made the hike, and by Major J. M. Wardle, of Ottawa, who has recently been appointed Deputy Minister of the Interior.

An unexpected addition to the evening's entertainment — anything can happen at a Trail Hikers' pow-wow, and usually does — was



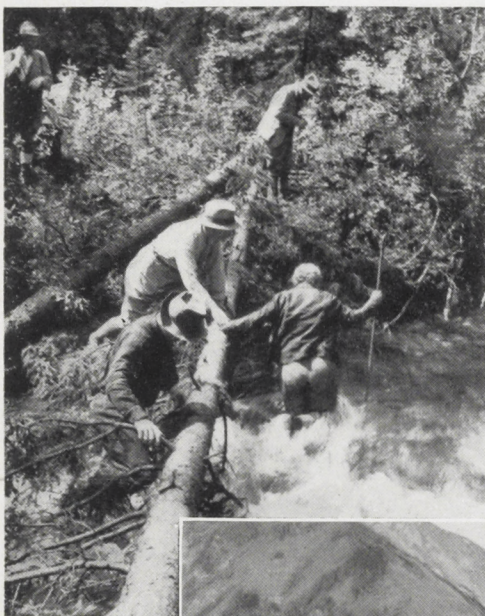
the first reading of a poem specially written on the trail by Edna Jaques, the Canadian poetess, and dedicated to the Skyline Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies. Mrs. Jaques was loudly applauded and her poem indicated that she had caught the full spirit of the companionship of the trail.

Thus ended another Skyline Trail Hike — my first.

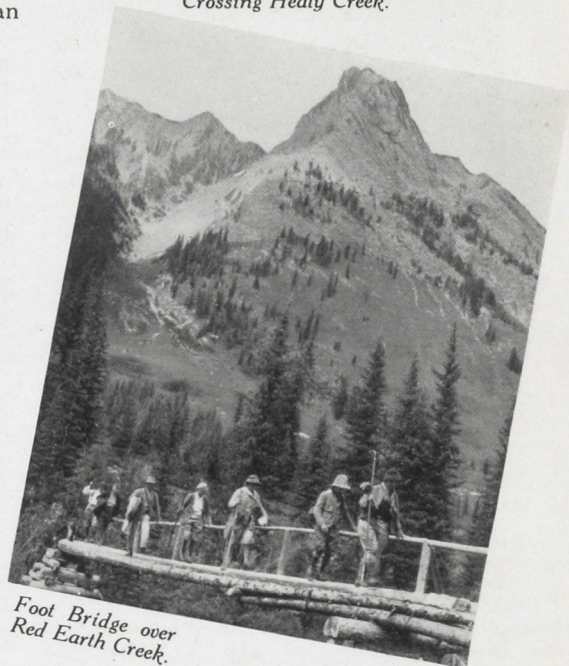
And I am hoping that when August rolls around again I'll be packing up the bedroll, catching the night train for Banff and hieing off to the Rockies again. From now on Skylines are my lines and I don't mean the Manhattan skyline either.



*Crossing Healy Creek.*



*Elizabeth Booz  
prefers water  
to dry land.*



*Foot Bridge over  
Red Earth Creek.*



*Trail Riders practising for the Sky Line Hike.*

*Photos by R. H. Palenske.*





*A view worth the climb.*



*On the trail to Egypt*



*Photo by R. H. Palenske.*

*Mummy and Scarab Lakes come into sight.*

On the Sky Line of





Trail to Egypt Lake.



*The higher you are, the taller.*

*Photos by R. H. Palenske.*



*Pharaoh Peaks — Mount Ball in distance.*

*Photo by Carl Rungius.*

Line of Simpson Pass



## *The Trail*

*(Written on a Sky-Line trip 1935)*

Along the trail to God-knows-where  
Above the fog and mist  
There's little hidden lakes of jade  
And hills of amethyst.  
There's grey old boulders grim with age,  
There's ferns and columbine  
And little stunted spruce and fir  
Along the timber-line.

There's mountains clad in virgin snow  
From gleaming foot to crest,  
There's Alpine meadows warm and sweet  
With purple heather dressed.  
The clear deep silence of a pool  
A singing water-fall,  
A sort of peace that broods and hangs  
Between the hemlock tall.

And there upon a windy height  
Where earth and heaven meet  
There's clouds like spindrift going by,  
And oh! the air is sweet.  
The pearly sheen of ice and snow,  
The grey of rock and shale,  
And life beats high in every vein  
Along the Sky-Line trail.

—Edna Jaques.



## *Above The Timber Line*

*(Written on the Sky-Line Hike 1935)*

The hills are crowned with glory  
And the trail is wet with dew,  
And something beats with tender hands  
Against the heart of you.  
There's something in the air you breathe  
That warms your blood like wine,  
For sunrise paints the world with light  
Above the timber-line.

The path winds high and higher  
And the snow-clad mountains call,  
And your veins are filled with fire  
At the wonder of it all.  
For there's deep ravines and valleys,  
Heights no man could ever scale,  
And little clumps of stunted spruce  
Along the Sky-Line Trail.

There's glaciers glistening in the sun  
Against a far-off sky,  
And vagrant winds that stir your heart  
Like music going by.  
There's health in every throbbing vein  
The breath of sun-warmed pine,  
And oh the world is hushed and still  
Above the timber-line.

—Edna Jaques.



*Even*



*Sky-Line*



*Hikers*



*Rest*

*Photos by  
R. H. Palenske.*





*Washing up.*



*Sunshine Valley  
Camp.*

*Photos by R. H.  
Palenske and  
Carl Rungius.*

*Camp at  
Egypt Lake.*

*Photo by  
R. H. Palenske.*



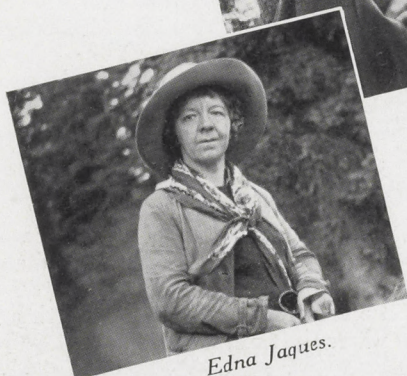
## CAMP SCENES



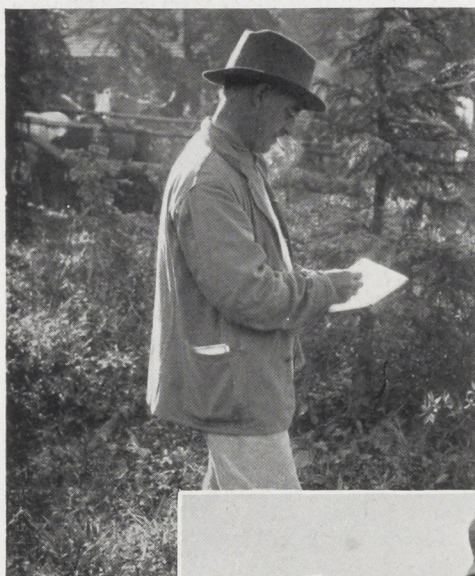
*Major  
Selby Walker.*



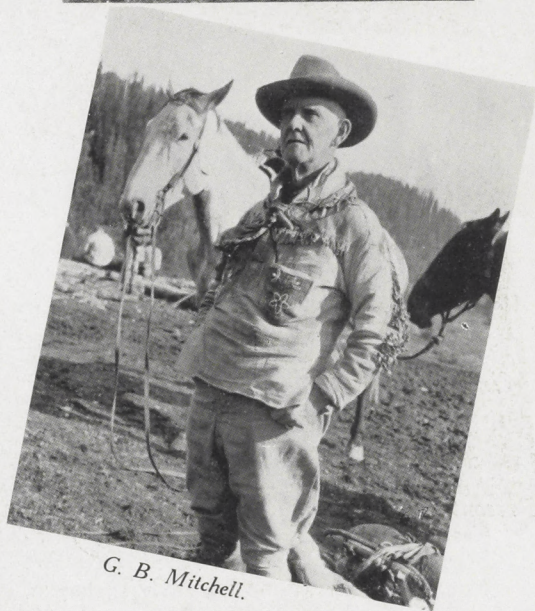
*Mrs. George  
Vaux, Jr.*



*Edna Jaques.*



*Dan  
McCowan.*



*G. B. Mitchell.*

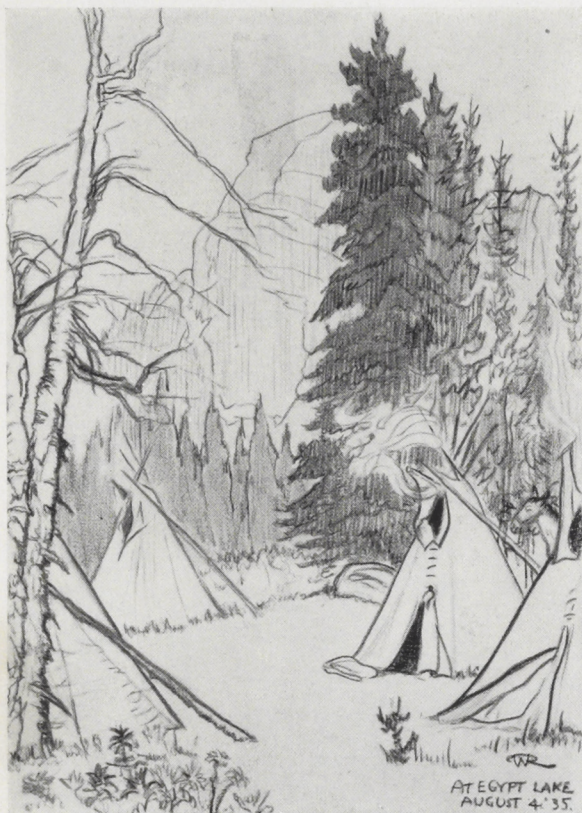


*Miss Strawbridge and her home-made pipe.*

*Photos by  
R. H. Palenske.*

## DRAMATIS PERSONAE





A charming sketch by Miss Winifred Redman.

## Minutes of Council Meeting of Sky Line Trail Hikers

at Shadow Lake — August 5th, 1935.

### Present

Carl Rungius, Major Selby Walker, Elizabeth Booz, Peter Whyte, R. H. Palenske, Mrs. Vaux, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Turbayne, J. M. Wardle, Dr. Robert Gow, J. M. Gibbon, Dan McCowan and George Vaux (representing the Trail Riders).

- a) Minutes of last meeting (August 6, 1934) read and approved.
- b) Financial Statement read and approved.
- c) Slate of Nominating Committee was read, giving the following changes on last year's list:

*President:* Carl Rungius

*Vice-President:* Peter Whyte (replacing Carl Rungius)

*Executive Committee:* Mrs. George Vaux, Jr. (replacing Peter Whyte)

### Council:

George Vaux (replacing Mrs. Vaux) H. G. Peckham (Vancouver) (replacing A. D. Bain)

and the following additions:

Mrs. Peter Whyte (Banff)

Adelaide Smith (Montreal)

Mrs. Dan McCowan (Banff)

Mrs. A. O. Wheeler (Sidney, B.C.)

Miss M. S. Strawbridge (Montreal)

Slate approved

- d) After discussion, it was decided to recommend to the Parks Branch that suitable signs should be placed at the intersections of prominent trails indicating to where the trails led.
- e) On account of the slippery condition of the trail and general consensus of opinion, it was decided to change the itinerary and hike to Massive, motoring by bus from that point to Castle Mountain Chalet-Bungalow Camp, spending any available time before noon in a visit to Shadow Lake itself.

## Ramble on the Trail

Tune — "Parlez-moi d'amour"

Words by the Secretary-Treasurer

Sung at the Pow-Wow by Frances Adaskin

You know it well

And yet I long

Again to tell

How deep and strong

My heart beats for you.

And once again how I adore you;

So come to where the mountain soars,

This lovely land of out-of-doors,

And then I think I'll surely move you

To whisper when I say I love

Ramble on the trail

Where bluebell and lupin are blooming,

Over hill and dale

Through flowers that the wind are perfuming,

There I'll tell the tale

That floats in the blue sky above you,

That I love you.



*Above timber line on  
the descent from  
Simpson Pass.*



*Photo by Carl Rungius.*



*Photo by Dan McCowan.*



*Photos by  
R. H. Palenske.*



# Sky Line Trail Hikers

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*Hon. Vice-President:*  
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CARL RUNGIUS (New York and Banff)

*Vice-Presidents:*  
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PETER WHYTE (Banff)

LT.-COL. P. A. MOORE (Banff)  
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Montreal, Canada

*Western Secretary:*  
DAN MCCOWAN,  
Banff, Alberta

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SAM. WARD (Banff)  
HARRY POLLARD (Calgary)  
MAJOR P. J. JENNINGS (Banff)  
J. M. WARDLE (Ottawa)

R. H. PALENSKE (Chicago)  
MRS. GEORGE VAUX, JR. (Bryn Mawr, Pa.)

*Council:*  
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L. S. CROSBY (Banff)  
DR. ROBERT GOW (Banff)  
T. B. MOFFAT (Calgary)  
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MISS ANNA GUSTAFSSON (San Francisco)

GEORGE VAUX (Bryn Mawr, Pa.)  
H. G. PECKHAM (Vancouver)  
MRS. PETER WHYTE (Banff)  
MISS ADELAIDE SMITH (Montreal)  
MRS. DAN MCCOWAN (Banff)  
MRS. A. O. WHEELER (Sidney, B.C.)  
MISS M. S. STRAWBRIDGE (Montreal)

*Honorary Members:*  
J. B. HARKIN (Ottawa)  
WALTER D. WILCOX (Washington, D.C.)

J. M. WARDLE (Ottawa)  
WILF. CARTER (Calgary)

*Life Members:*  
MRS. GEORGE VAUX, JR.  
GEORGE VAUX

J. M. GIBBON

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Armbrister Fred., Nassau, Bahamas.  
Angus, J. A., Banff, Alta.  
Aylen, Miss Gwyneth, Ottawa, Ont.  
Aylen, Miss Dorothea, Ottawa, Ont.

Bain, A. D., Lake Louise, Alta.  
Bonar, J. C., Montreal.  
Booz, Miss Elizabeth, Washington, Pa.  
Brewster, James I., Banff, Alta.  
Brewster, Mrs. James I., Banff, Alta.  
Brewster, Mrs. Pat., Banff, Alta.  
Brodnitz, Dr. Otto W., New York, N.Y.  
Buck, Robert, Evanston, Ill.

Cancille, Mrs. Rita, Phoenix, Arizona.  
Carter, Wilf., Calgary, Alta.  
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Conant, Rev. Ruth S., Hartford, Conn.  
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de Laitre, John, Wayzata, Minn.  
de Laitre, Mrs. John, Wayzata, Minn.

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Ermingier, Miss Bertha, Chicago, Ill.  
Ermingier, Mrs. H. B., Jr., Chicago, Ill.

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Fulda, Miss Ruth, Banff, Alta.

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Gibbon, A. Murray, Fleet, Hants, England.  
Gillespie, G. F., Montreal, Que.  
Gillespie, Miss Marion, Montreal, Que.  
Goodrich, Miss B. L., South Milwaukee, Wis.  
Gow, Dr. Robert, Banff, Alta.  
Graves, S., Lake O'Hara, B.C.  
Gustafsson, Miss Anna, San Francisco, Cal.

Hains, Douglas, Montreal, Que.  
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Houston, Miss Martha I., Lethbridge, Alta.

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Jennings, Major P. J., Banff, Alta.  
Joice, Miss Margaret G., Saskatoon, Sask.

Kellermann, Maurice, New York, N.Y.  
Kellermann, Mrs. Maurice, New York, N.Y.

Lynch, Daisy, Winnipeg, Man.

Mitchell, G. B., New York, N.Y.  
Moore, Mrs. P. A., Banff, Alta.  
Moore, Colonel Philip A., Banff, Alta.  
Moorhead, Miss Margaret H., Bassano, Alta.  
McCormick, Chauncey, Chicago, Ill.  
McCormick, Roger, Groton, Mass.  
McCowan, Mrs. Dan., Banff, Alta.  
McCowan, Dan., Banff, Alta.  
Moffat, T. B., Calgary, Alta.

Page, Miss Isabel W., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Palenske, R. H., Chicago, Ill.  
Palenske, Miss Betty, Wilmette, Ill.  
Pease, Albert A., Oak Park, Ill.  
Peckham, H. G., Vancouver, B.C.  
Pickard, Frank A., West Concord, Mass.  
Pollard, Harry, Calgary, Alta.

Redman, Miss Winifred, Toronto, Ont.  
Reid, Douglas, Banff, Alta.  
Robinson, Mrs. J. Dean, Banff, Alta.  
Roden, Mrs. Frank, Toronto, Ont.  
Roden, L. B., Toronto, Ont.  
Roden, Mrs. L. B., Toronto, Ont.  
Rogers, Mrs. D. N., Southampton, Hants, England

Rolston, F. W., Hamilton, Ont.  
Rungius, Carl, Banff, Alta.  
Russell, Capt. E. N., Field, B.C.

Sanson, N. B., Banff, Alta.  
Simpson, Mrs. James, Banff, Alta.  
Sloper, Mrs. Leslie A., Boston, Mass.  
Sloper, Leslie A., Boston, Mass.  
Smith, Miss Adelaide, Montreal, Que.  
Somerville, Ian C., Philadelphia, Pa.  
Spouse, Mrs. John, Vancouver, B.C.  
Stern, Carl, New York, N.Y.  
Stevenson, Prof. O. J., Guelph, Ont.  
Stevenson, Mrs. O. J., Guelph, Ont.  
Stewart, Miss M. B., Whitby, Ont.  
Strawbridge, Miss M. S., Montreal, Que.  
Susssdorf, Louis, Jr., Washington, D.C.,

Thomas, Miss Dorothy M., Malvern, Worcs., England  
Turbayne, Miss L., Banff, Alta.

Vaux, Mrs. George, Jr., Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Vaux, George, Bryn Mawr, Pa.  
Vaux, Henry, Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Walker, Major W. J. Selby, Calgary, Alta.  
Ward, Mrs. Samuel, Banff, Alta.  
Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.  
Watts, Miss Freda E., London, England.  
Wheeler, John O., Sidney, B.C.  
Wheeler, A. O., Sidney, B.C.  
Wheeler, Mrs. A. O., Sidney, B.C.  
Wildor, Miss Emma N., La Crosse, Wis.  
Wilson, Miss Betty, Banff, Alta.  
Wilson, Miss Bernice, Banff, Alta.  
Wilson, Mrs. John C., Banff, Alta.  
Whitford, W. C., Chicago, Ill.  
Whyte, Peter, Banff, Alta.  
Whyte, Mrs. Peter, Banff, Alta.  
Whyte, Miss Dorothy V., Lynn Creek, B.C.  
Wyatt, Miss Elva A., Chicago, Ill.